The World

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THE ALLEN'S CHARITY.

In proportion to his means The Allen is one of the most charitable men in New York. He pays the doctor's bills of the poor of his neighborhood. He gives them coal, helps them out with the rent and prides himself that he has never turned away a hungry man.

The Allen is well off. His pool-room has been profitably conducted and his charity has not exceeded his thrift. During the forty-odd years that he has accepted whatever bets any one, white or black, cared to make he has been raided by the police 112 times. He has never been convicted, the evidence against him being insufficient to convince the jury. For persistency, assiduity and the strict observance of the principles of his business The Allen would defer to no one.

Since The Allen has had no other occupation than the running of a pool-room, it is self-evident that his charitable gifts have been derived from his pool-room receipts. While impoverishing the men of the neighborhood in his Sixth avenue rooms, he bountifully dispensed charity to their wives and mothers at his home on Eighth street. Naturally these charities cannot have equalled his profits, because he has always lived well and accumulated a considerable fortune besides, for all of which his pool-room paid.

On the same day that The Allen gave to the public a defense of his life's career, the record was made up of the men who had given away the largest sums of money in the United States during the past year.

This list is headed with Andrew Carnegie, whose donations in 1906 were $11,094,000, truly an enormous sum. Mr. Carnegie received from the Steel Trust alone $300,000,000 5 per cent. bonds, giving him an annual income from this source of $4,000,000 more than his charities. It is doubtful if The Allen's net income over his charities last year was 1 per cent. of this.

The next largest in amount is the $7,085,000 given by John D. Rockefeller. This is a little over 10 per cent. of Mr. Rockefeller's estimated income. In proportion to his means, his charities are trifling compared with The Allen's.

The next largest giver is Charles T. Yerkes, who by will turned over part of the large estate which after his release from the Pennsylvania Penitentiary he accumulated through buying franchises from the Aldermen of Chicago and over-capitalizing bad street-car service.

Next come Marshall Field, whose estate Chicago is now suing for tax-dodging, and P. A. B. Widener, who was one of the founders of the Metropolitan Street Railway system of New York City.

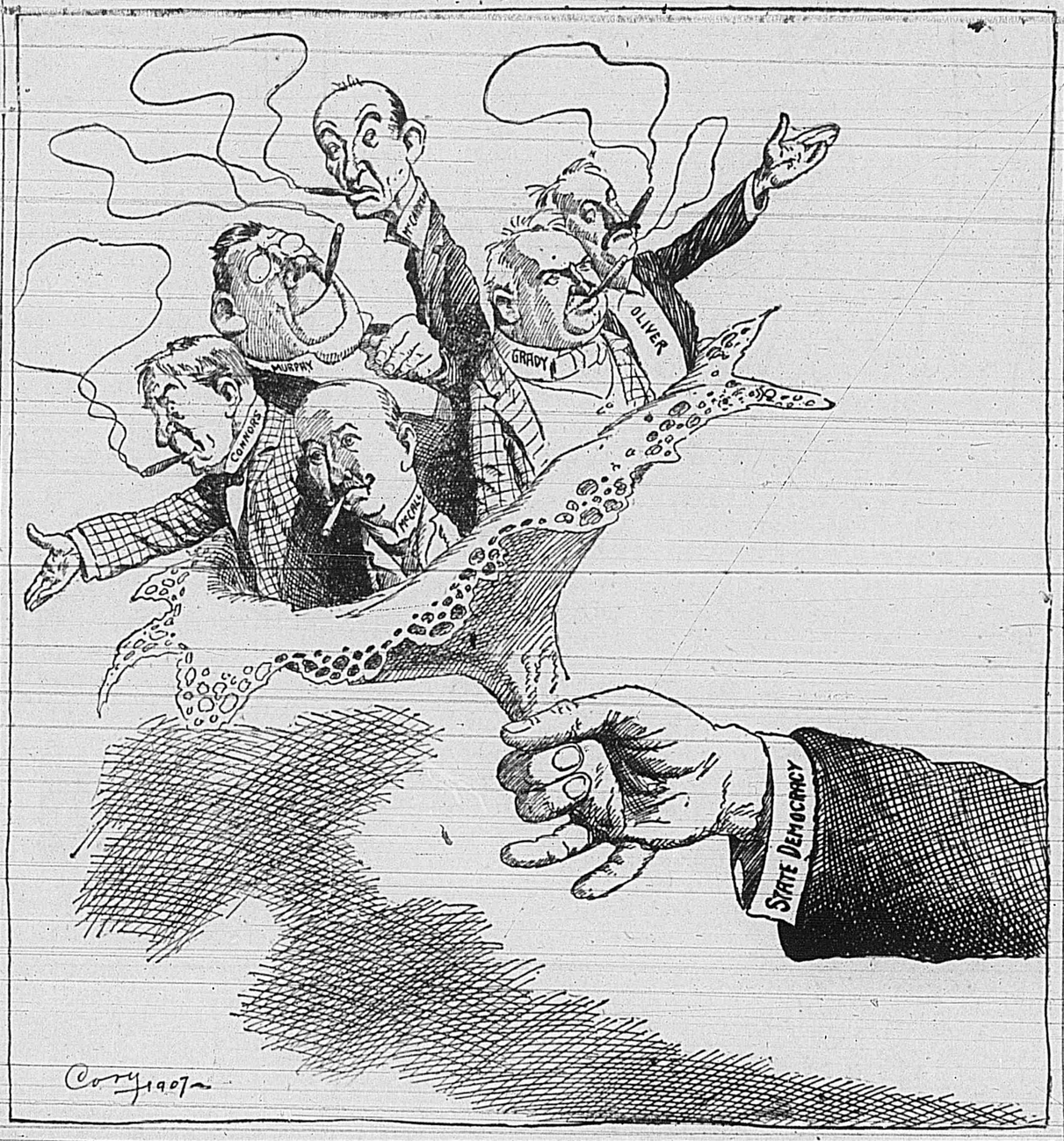
All these men would join with The Allen in objecting to be called gamblers. They would look down upon The Allen, and yet The Allen had none of their special privileges to despoil other people.

Without the tariff and without railroad rebates, especially without the Steel Trust and the Standard Oil Trust, how large would Mr. Carnegie's and Mr. Rockefeller's incomes be? What would Mr. Yerkes's and Mr. Widener's estates have left after deducting payments for the honest valuation of their street-car franchises?

The Allen boasts that he never paid any blackmail to politics. Can these other distinguished gentlemen truly say the same? How much would they have left if they did restitution before charity?

A Nosegay.

By J. Campbell Cory.



Letters from the People.

Palm Trees on Long Island.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

This is regular English winter weather we have had in New York for the past month. Rain, fog, warmth, with only occasional clear, cold snaps, and comparatively little snow. Just the weather that prevails at this season in England. It grows warmer and warmer in New York every winter. Now and then (as year before last) we have a bitter winter. But it is an exception. Some great change is undoubtedly creeping over our country's climate. Yet scientists, as a rule, pay far too little heed to it. One scientist wrote, in an interview, a few years ago: "The child is now born who will see palm trees growing on the south shore of Long Island." I'd like other old-timers and scientists to discuss the reasons for this gradual weather change. S. P. SAHAROFF.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In saluting a lady should a man raise his hat with the hand farthest away from her in meeting or passing her on the street? SALUTE.

Bedford Park, N. Y.

Employment Agencies.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have thought the servant-girl problem over thoroughly, and have at last come to the conclusion that there is still a remedy, and that it is not as hopeless a case as the public have been made to believe. Let a law be passed to require the employment agencies to collect their lawful fees from the parties seeking employment (as in the case with many male employment agencies), instead of getting their fee from the employer, as they are doing at present. Some one might say that it would not be right to collect a fee from a poor girl. But many a workingman with a hungry family looking up to him for support receives less wages proportionately than the average servant girl. Yet when the man wants a position he has to pay for one, while the girl gets one free. Will readers and lawmakers give their opinion of this question and consider the matter fully.

ISRAEL A. EDELSTEIN.

Prosperity vs. Panic.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I notice that some financiers hint that present prosperity means future panic. As a survivor of the panic of the early '70s and the tight times of 1890, I am worried at such prediction. A big panic will smash high prices, but it will also smash wages, so we'll probably be losers in the long run. The present prosperity benefits the very poor, the very rich, the storekeeper, the day laborer and certain "income" people. But I have yet to find that the great army of salaried men and women benefit by it at all, for salaries have not risen with the cost of living. How will a panic affect the mass of salaried people, readers? PROF. EGAN.

Length of Days.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Some one once wrote in a scientific magazine that the days, when they begin to lengthen, grow longer in the afternoons before growing so in the mornings; that the sun begins to set later before it begins to rise earlier. This seems queer to me, yet it is borne out by my own observations. What clever scientific reader can explain this odd thing simply and in a few words for my enlightening? C. E. BELL, Jr.

Wants to Stop Stammering.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a poor boy and in a strange city and stammer a good deal. Please let me know how to cure myself of stammering. B.

Stammering is a nervous affection. By building up the general health, avoiding excitement and forcing one's self to speak with extreme slowness and deliberation the defect may often be cured.

On $18 a Week.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The wife of an $18-a-week clerk would like to tell you of one happy family who live well on the sum named. We have been married fourteen years, and have saved enough to pay quite a big sum on a six-family house in New Jersey three years ago. We have good food, a comfortable home and clothes, enough money to pay all bills and some for a little amusement. We have no instalment or insurance men around, and no penny goes for beer or whiskey.

If some others have done better it would do me lots of good to hear from them, as I am trying to improve. MRS. J. B.

The Water Wagon and the Watering Cart

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

AT this season of the year almost every man we know is, as he vernacularly phrases it, on the water wagon, having climbed aboard with the New Year with a fixed determination to stay there. Meantime, what has the gentler half of the household been resolving? Or, if she hasn't resolved yet, what should she resolve? As her better half climbs aboard the water wagon she should climb off the watering cart. In other words, as he stops drinking she should cease crying, one casting off the "curse of rum," the other the tyranny of tears.

I know it requires great fortitude on a woman's part to forswear tears, for the most lexical and least tearful of us discover in the course of life that in dealing with man one tear is worth a thousand reasons. If you see what you want, cry for it, is the best advice one could give a lady bent on the subjugation of man. Under these conditions it seems rather foolhardy to resolve and to urge other women to resolve that there shall be no more tears. But as the Filipino, when we get him properly civilized, must throw away his bolo and the Cuban his machete for the more advanced weapons of civilization, so it is our duty to forswear hysterics and voluntarily deprive ourselves of the untutored woman's armory of tears, sobs and domestic "scenes."

Has any woman ever solved to her own satisfaction the problem as to whether man succumbs to her tears because of their melting effect on his heart or because of the awful way she looks when she cries? Not one woman in a million cries artistically. Most of us redden our noses and squint up our eyes and deprive our mouths of all shape whatever. Knowing this, we should ask ourselves whether it is worth while to harrow a man's feelings if at the same time we show him that we can look worse than the homeliest nightmare vision he has ever met.

It is better and far more becoming, and in the long run twice as effective to rule by smiles than by tears.

So let the male half of the population drive the water wagon, while we climb gracefully down from the watering cart.

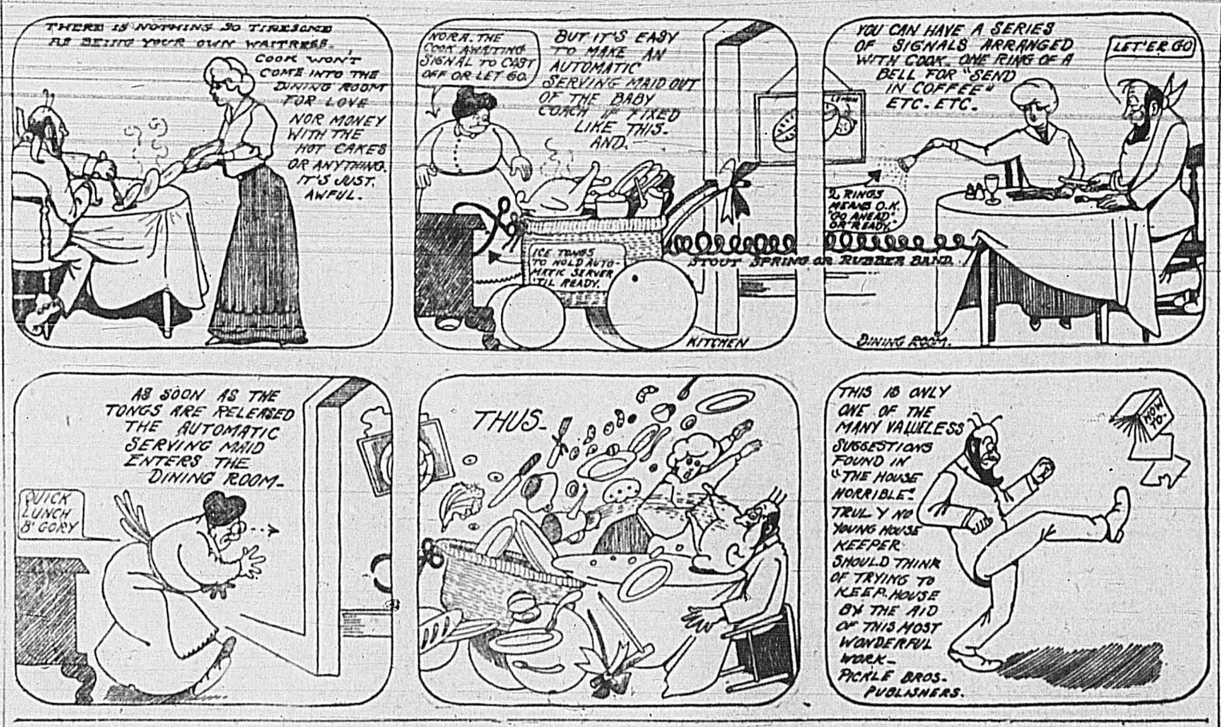
Sentence Sermons for Busy Readers.

We live by the joy we give.
Significance is not a matter of bulk.
Good will on earth is God's will for man.
There are no saints without their service.
A week end religion is weak at both ends.
He who cheers another encourages himself.
There are no single admission tickets to glory.
No man can be free who holds another in bonds.
Many have found life's crown bending over a cradle.
The dew of heaven is not in the mildew on the sermon.

—Chicago Tribune.

Hints from the House Horrible; or, How to

By Jean Mohr.



HOW HE KNEW.

Teacher—Now, what little boy in this Sunday-school can tell me what a pyramid is?

Tommy Tuff—Why, dat's de shape de pool balls is set up in for de break.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A YANKEE COMEBACK.

"Aw, but everything here is so new, don't y'know. You have no ruins here, no"—

"Only those that visit us from Europe occasionally," put in Gotham.—Philadelphia Press.

NATURALLY.

Farmer—So you've had some experience, have you?

Youth—Yes, sir.

Farmer—Well, what side of a cow do you sit on to milk?

Youth—The outside.—London Tit Bits.

BARGAIN DAY.

"Is this the Stock Exchange?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then I wish to exchange these securities for some that will pay dividends."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TWENTY-FIVE ROMANCES of PROGRESS

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 24.—HENRY BESSEMER, the "Failure" Who Won Success.

A YOUNG inventor—Henry Bessemer by name—awoke one morning in the first half of the nineteenth century to find himself the laughing-stock of England. His name was on all lips, and the story of his latest folly was told and retold amid the derision of a nation. He was pointed out as a foreordained failure in life. Here in brief is the tale of his odd ill-luck:

The stamping system in the British Government offices was carried on in an expensive and old-fashioned way. Bessemer, though little more than a boy, invented an improved stamping device, which was so excellent that, in spite of the increased money outlay involved, the Government decided to adopt it. In payment Bessemer was to receive a life position as superintendent of stamps at a salary of $4,000 a year. It was unheard-of good luck for so young a man. Bessemer in his delight became overzealous and forthwith spoiled his prospects by inventing still another system whereby the old-time arrangements for stamping could be continued profitably at no extra expense or special alteration. In other words, he "improved" away the necessity of his own promised position. There was no longer any need of his services. The Government adopted his second system, thereby saving much money. Bessemer received not one penny for the invention, and was, moreover, out of a $4,000 a year job. All England laughed; for there is scant sympathy for a fool, and "fool" was the mildest of the many terms applied to the youngster.

He stood ridicule bravely, and by means of several lesser inventions (gold paint, velvet making, and improvements in type-casting) he managed to support himself. Soon the Crimean War broke out. England was ill prepared. Bessemer devised a long projectile for use in smooth-bore cannon. His Government would not adopt the invention. So he carried it to France, where a test was made. It was proven that such cast-iron cannon as were then in use were not strong enough to fire the new oblong shot. It was declared useless; and once more people laughed at Bessemer.

A Misfortune That Brought Luck.

But, inadvertently, these two failures formed the foundation of his future fame and fortune. Had he received the easy Government job promised him years before he would probably have rested content and done little for Progress. Had his projectile been adopted, he might have remained a mere cannon-ball inventor.

When, however, the French Emperor rejected his new shot, on the ground that no cannon was sufficiently strong to fire it, Bessemer simply set to work to find some stronger material for cannon. He knew little of metals, but began a careful study of them. At that time iron, not steel, was used for railways, big guns, and nearly every structure requiring metal. Steel was hard to make and was far too expensive for common use. Few men were employed in working on it, and these used a tedious, laborious process in its production.

But Bessemer was not content with the modes then in use. He knew that steel was an alloy of iron and carbon in certain proportions, and he invented the following process for making it:

He drove a blast of air through masses of pig iron that was in process of fusing until it was cleared of carbon. Then, by introducing the proper proportion of carbon, he found he had an excellent quality of steel. He could thus make steel far more rapidly than it had ever before been manufactured, and at a mere fraction of its former high price. He also found that by blowing through molten pig iron until all its carbon was oxidized he could produce a fine grade of malleable iron.

In 1856 Bessemer patented his steel-making process. At once it revolutionized industry. Sheffield was England's chief steel centre. The manufacturers there refused to take up Bessemer's idea and sneered at it as impracticable. So he opened steel works in the same city and undersold his rivals until he brought them to terms. The man that England had laughed at was beginning to get his innings.

Revenge on Men Who Slighted Him.

Steel became at a bound one of the world's foremost industries. The United States at once took the lead in its production. Before Bessemer's invention our annual production of steel was about 11,856 tons. A few years later it had risen to 3,015,906 tons a year. Bessemer was the father of steel rails, steel frames for skyscrapers, steel ships, steel cannon and modern armor-plate. His invention gave work to millions of men all over the world. Through him Progress made one of its greatest strides.

But he had not forgotten that early occasion when England had regarded him as a fool. When he was too rich and famous to be neglected he demanded that the British Government make him some return for the stamping device they had adopted and for which he had received no pay. He no longer needed the few thousand dollars that represented the device's money value. But he insisted on some recognition of his service. Accordingly, Queen Victoria made him a knight, thus granting tardy reparation to the poor youth whom her official subordinates had once regarded as a mere butt for their jokes.

The Girl at the Candy Counter.

By Margaret Rohe.

"FIRST thing you know Jersey will be losing its reputation for justice," said The Girl at the Candy Counter, prophetically.

"Where do you get your information?" asked the Regular Eighty-Cents-a-Pound Customer.

"They turned down Ethel Barrymore," said The Girl at the Candy Counter. "I don't like that. Ethel's my friend. I don't exactly know her, but she's my friend. I'm strong for anybody that can act like she can. It seems Kenyon Cox, the artist, had the contract to paint a decoration for the Essex County Court-House in Newark; and being as Miss Barrymore was his neighbor, and beautiful besides, he got her to sit for the figure of 'Justice.' Now, the Jerseymen on the Commission have made him change Ethel's features."

"Was Miss Barrymore's name to be on the painting?" asked the Regular Customer.

"Certainly not," said the Girl. "You never see the name of the person who poses for a painting or statue marked on it, do you? Nobody but a Jerseyman could figure out how it could be press-agent work for our Ethel, or why it wasn't acceptable. They just didn't want her on their decoration because she was an actress. What I'd like to know is where anybody gets the idea that a charming girl like Ethel Barrymore, who is received in the best society and is making an honest living on the stage, isn't worthy to represent Justice."

"Maybe the Commission had other ideas for having the features altered," suggested the Regular Customer.

"Other ideas nothing," said the Girl, positively. "Do you suppose they'd have made any outcry if the figure had been posed for by a professional model at fifty cents an hour? Not a bit of it. And what I want explained to me is where a fifty-cents-an-hour model comes in as being better than a $1,000-a-week actress."

Docking the Congressmen.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

("Congressman Gaines sucks in favor of paying Congressmen only for time actually served."—Item.)

JOHN WESLEY GAINES, that pile of brains, says sad's his lot, eke Mann's and Payne's.
The lot of John Sharp Williams, too, is such as makes him very blue.
And now he has evolved a plan to "dock" the lazy Congressman,
To make him work on every day for which he hopes to draw his pay,
To make each register his time or get the juicy citrus lime—
By some called "lemon," so explains that statesman great, John Wesley Gaines.

John Wesley Gaines endured great pains because the modest House refrains
From boosting pay they never earn, and now he sees a way to turn.
He thinks they ought to have a clerk to keep the time of those who work.
The hard-worked Congressman would thrive, the loafers scarcely keep alive,
For when they failed to punch the clock they'd have to stand a little dock.
Or—it would be an awful fate!—to hand them time-checks at the gate.

John Wesley Gaines has racked his brains and now with modesty explains:
"If all the House were Manns and Paynes—you note, I do not mention Gaines—
'Twould earn each cent it got from you. But one thin line of heroes blue
Fights all the battles that are waged while all the others are engaged
At loafing, betting, private snaps and legal work for trusts, perhaps.
If to my scheme you now give heed you'll see I am Great Gaines indeed."

Odd Statistics.

LIGHT blue eyes are generally the most powerful, and next to these are gray. The lighter the pupil the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.

Champagne takes up much time and care in the making. Altogether a bottle of champagne goes through two hundred different operations, covering a period of two and a half years. And in addition it is sometimes kept two or three years longer in the vaults maturing.

In Persia bells ring for prayers five times a day, and merchants, clerks and customers rush off to the mosques, leaving all business at a standstill.

Snails are slow even when it comes to dying. One well known naturalist who had mounted a shell upon a card was surprised to find, four years later, that the warm water employed in soaking the shell off the mount had revived the inmate, which he had long supposed to be dried and dead.

Several specimens in another collection were revived in a similar manner after they had lain in a drawer for some fifteen years. These had not been glued to a card, but had been left lying loose, and, though frequently handled, had shown no signs of life. They were thrown into tepid water with the idea of cleaning out the shells, but to the surprise of the owner the snails were found creeping about the basin when he returned to complete the task.